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by

Christoph Bernard Burfict

2019

**The Report Committee for Christoph Bernard Burfict
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Project: Duplicity

**APPROVED BY
SUPERVISING COMMITTEE:**

Paul J Raval, Supervisor

Stuart Kelban
Andrew Garrison

Project: Duplicity

by

Christoph Bernard Burfict

Report

Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of
The University of Texas at Austin
in Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements
for the Degree of

Master of Fine Arts

The University of Texas at Austin

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Dedication

To my hard-working parents, who instilled in me a discipline, a grounded sense of ethics, and the simple yet resounding idea that I, too, could create, develop, and maintain a life not only worthy of aspiration, but inspiration.

Acknowledgements

I cannot express enough gratitude to those that assisted me, mostly psychologically, in one of the most intimidating, challenging, and rewarding endeavors into creative expression I'll likely ever experience. To my wife, Naomi, for her endless support and reinvigorating my childhood passion for comic books. To my committee, PJ, Stuart, and Andy, for normalizing the craziness necessary to complete this process and for the pointed criticism in strengthening me as a storyteller. To my friends, for offering the necessary escape and sanity required to take my mind off the immense pressure that is... the THESIS.

Abstract

Project: Duplicity

Christoph Bernard Burfict, degree sought MFA
The University of Texas at Austin, 2019

Supervisor: Paul J. Raval

This report addresses the chronological process of, and descent into, my most ambitious creative endeavor to date; the 20-minute action-adventure sci-fi narrative short film, *Duplicity*.

In 2017, I had completed my pre-thesis, *Protocol*, and had little understanding of what it was that I wanted to do. I'd spent so much of the previous year laboring over the drama and politics that consumed the social scape that I found myself emotionally taxed, creatively docile, and actively escaping into the narratives that colored my childhood.

From this, I realized the joy storytelling had always brought me and recaptured my interest in the ever expansive medium of film. I embarked on what would become a grueling, yet joyous two-year process of developing one of my most colorful works. While the process proved challenging, I was forced to confront the anxieties and doubts I'd subconsciously developed over the years. In bringing the project to a close, it was this journey of which I've affectionately described as "healthy pressure", that reminded of exactly why it was I elected to pursue a graduate program in the first place.

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PREPRODUCTION

Chapter 1: Conception

In December 2016, I was at a crossroads in my life. I'd just moved into a quiet one-bedroom apartment on north Burnet Road, was recently single, and was emotionally taxed from the recent presidential elections. I'd spent the majority of the semester focused on key positions in the films of my cohort, foolishly putting off my own pre-thesis and taking false comfort in the illusion of time and a post-winter principal photography date. As the winter dawned, my anxiety grew, and while making a movie about the complexities of social injustice now felt irrelevant in a post-election landscape, I forced myself to motivate.

In doing so, I sat in my apartment that winter, rethinking the future. I dusted off my old long-boxes and took comfort in leafing through a few comics. One led to two, two to fifteen, and before I knew it, I'd developed a full-fledged infatuation with recapturing the joy of my childhood. So much of my adult-life, up until that point, revolved around a process of abandoning pieces of myself, genuine passions, in the investment of financial stability. For much of my adult-youth, I felt a necessity to abandon the very narratives that dialed me into the pursuit of film in the first place. Bit by bit, year by year, I chipped away at what made me complete, what made me happy, until I found myself binging in a pile of comics at the ripe age of 32. While I understood the catalyst to be procrastination and anxiety, I recognized that I was ultimately onto something.

As the winter trudged on, so did my interest in recapturing childhood joy. I eventually delved into documentaries about the 80s, Cyberpunk Films, and Action cartoons. While understanding the nuances and problems of the times, I found myself dually fascinated in the world I'd begun immersing myself into, and continued diving deeper and deeper. The pre-thesis project came to a close and it was time to develop a

pitch to my cohort and decide upon a committee. There was only one thing I could think about.

The presentation was colorful, and that's putting it lightly. I had no concept of a narrative, only a visual and thematic style I wanted to recapture. A feeling. Synthwave, cyberpunk, neon color palettes, moral complexity, dystopian future-scapes, and anti-heroes. These were the pastels that painted my youth and the very ideas that intrigued me at my core. I knew it was camp, and that it pushed against every cinematic instinct I'd developed until that point. I rejected every notion of what I believed to be "cinematic" and "artistic" but its consideration as a low form of art ultimately gave it its charm. I found myself resentful of my own resistance to wanting to pursue such a narrative, and insisted that I force myself forward.

My initial story wasn't much more than that. I attempted to write a neo-noir set in a dystopian future, but found myself tripping over the plot points and my own natural aversion to incorporating sci-fi into the storytelling. I wrote a synopsis, pitched it to my cohort, discussed it to death, and quickly found myself disinterested in it. While others were approaching me with interest in crewing my next project, I reluctantly accepted, knowing my distaste for everything I'd written to that point. I had a dilemma.

I ultimately revisited the draft and realized its core problem. I'd yet to give myself to the genre entirely. As dramatic as that sounds, the sci-fi I'd weaved into the story felt unnecessary, and distracting to the overarching narrative I was trying to portray. I decided to scrap the idea, knowing that whatever I chose to go with would live with me for the next 12 months. As I returned to the drawing board I went one step further, to create a narrative so immersed in sci-fi, so cyberpunk, the genre would serve itself.

Drawing from all of my narrative influences, Duplicity began to piece together bit by bit. I outlined the plot points, narrative pacing, pages, mid-points, and climactic moments. While my approach to it was very formulaic, the pages eased out relatively

effortlessly. I knew I'd produced something that, if nothing else, I would consume. I hammered it out, pitched it, and it was off to the races.

Chapter 2: Producing

Word quickly got out that I'd wanted to pursue a relatively ambitious niche and retrofitted sci-fi. While many, justifiably supported me from a distance, I found a passionate core group of students approach me about working on the project with an interest I'd yet to see in any of my previous work.

It was time to make committee selections. Knowing that my film would resist the typically branded student genre, I suspected there was one individual that would most support this, PJ Raval. The range in his work was profound, from colorful Music Videos to gripping documentaries, it was clear that he would not only understand my desire to pursue a project like this, but he would creatively respect it as well. I requested him as Supervisor. Secondly, I knew that a genre film like this wouldn't be worth its salt if it was little more than pretty and visually striking. I needed someone with the technical know-how and narrative prowess to cut through the cheap genre theatrics and pull from it, substance. The man for the job was Stuart Kelban, and he too accepted. Last but not least, I couldn't have been happier to have been assigned Andrew Garrison. Andy, specializing in the audio production courses, was a brilliant filmmaker with an honesty and a trust that had already been established in me as both his student and TA. His genuine interest and investment in me throughout the entirety of my graduate trajectory was not just refreshing, I found it a necessary catalyst to find my own confidence, quite often.

I was forced to produce a proposal around my recently completed screenplay, and that required I find a producer. My initial thought was sure-fire, bring in a colleague and friend from my undergraduate career, Kelon Moore. Kelon was working full-time for a Mega-Church in Dallas at the time and had little time to dedicate between that and his three children, but promised me his loyalty none the less. As a Director of Photography, Zach Morrison approached me the semester before I'd written anything to lock in his

position on my next film. Flattered with his dedication and impressed with his work, I agreed as remained on loyal crew member and good friend on retainer for what would become preproduction hell in the coming year.

From there, I pieced together a proposal that would ultimately act as the film's brochure and premiere recruitment tool for the months to come. In it, I designated the path to completion, a tentative schedule (that couldn't have been more inaccurate), and most importantly, forced myself to crystalize the visual style. I pieced together a pastiche of my favorite 80's films; Blade Runner, Beverly Hills Cop, Tron, Top Gun.

Alas, it was time to pitch. The committee, upon reading my last draft, accepted and green lit production. This was it. I was going to be living with this film for the next year at least. The allotted \$6000 grant was approved, to be released in two halves, before and after principal photography. I knew what I had to do, nothing to it but to do it.

Over time, Kelon had other commitments, like raising three daughters, that would justifiably serve as priorities. Upon Zach's suggestion, we then brought in Quinn Kealey an ambitious local student with producing experience and aspirations for Los Angeles. He accepted his role as Producer and the three of us proceeded.

Casting was an endeavor. We researched more conventional circuits and reached out to agencies, while simultaneously reaching out casting groups on facebook, yahoo, and even craigslist. The process would serve as fruitful, lending various options for leads and extras as required in the script. We coordinated several casting calls on campus, auditioned actors statewide. While actors would come and go over the following months due to paid commitments and personal health issues, we ultimately landed our leads.

The final hurdle would prove to be props and locations. The script called for a defunct warehouse, somewhere on the outskirts of town. The noted locations that I knew I would be able to lock in with ease were the downtown alley, lab room, and battlefield. The alleyway, requiring a permit of which I'd never had to receive before, was most difficult to lock in. City, PD, FD and administrative authorities were all points of contacts

required to reach out to, while additionally adhering to strict red-tape with regard to lane blockages and safety notifications. The lab and warehouse turned out to be relatively easy, as the studio space on campus lent itself to a retrofitted sci-fi quite nicely. The battlefield scene would ultimately prove to be on a friend's property up north near Copperas Cove, the very place I grew up.

As properties and locations would ultimately iron themselves out, with etsy commissions and local submissions from crew proving essential, I reached out to an old friend of mine from high-school that was living in the area, Edwin Quinones. Edwin began his own production company a few years prior to my entrance into the program, and his knack for fight choreography was always exceptional. He agreed to come on board with a featured role and full creative control of the fight sequence outlined in the script. Needless to say it photographed well.

With all remaining pieces falling into place it was inevitably time to take the next step. In an attempt to stove off my anxiety and anticipation for Day One of principal, the weekend prior, I spent my Saturday night alone in a Korean Karaoke booth. I'd never done Karaoke before, and no I cannot sing, but damn if singing some 80s pop didn't let steam off.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Chapter 3: Week-One

Lightning. No, I'm not referring to the feeling, nor the pacing of the first day... Not the butterflies or the electricity of the performances... no... I'm referring to the weather. The first day was literal lightning.

Despite the forecast and the inevitable rainfall, that which rarely happens in Texas, we initially proceeded as planned. We weren't sure of the accuracy or how bad it would be, all we knew is that we'd waited for months for this and all ducks were in a row. Given prior production experience and the sage advice of Professor/Producers of courses past, we carefully scheduled our exteriors in the front end of the shoot to cushion any possibilities. As the saying goes, that which can go wrong on set, so shall.

With the rain coming down on day one and a tightly budgeted 7 day shoot on record, we made an executive decision to cut our losses two hours into the morning. With only 3 interior shots of our lobby scene in the can, we made an executive decision and cut the production day before sending a full crew complete with a boom operator, out into the lightning, cheating death with a metal rod in the air. We quietly convened with our AD, Daniel Earney, and incorporated the missed alley scenes into a Day 7, while agreeing to add a lightly funded skeleton crew to Day 8, consisting solely of me, the DP, the AD, and talent.

Day Two brought on the battlefield sequence. Crew convened in a Cedar Park shopping center off of 1431, went over the logistics of what would be the night shoot, and jumped on the road onto 183, an hour north past Copperas Cove (my old stomping grounds), onto Pidcoke. The night ran like clockwork and it was my first experience working with Zach as a DP. While I tend to think in visually in terms of lock offs & panels, with comic books being my first love, I was admittedly skeptical when Zach

initially told me he wanted to shoot with the Panasonic Varicam with an EZ-Rig. I was never a fan of handheld, let alone being even more naturally averse to it known I would be the editor. Alas, I know not to stifle creative passion and Zach makes a strong case, so I agreed to the rig for the action sequences. Going into this day was a bit anxiety ridden, but after seeing what Zach can do, and what this style can muster in the audience, I've since evolved. The talent's fitting and convincing portrayal of soldiers proved to be a morale boost in the overall production value of the film. Due credit goes to the RTF departments media curator Lee who got me in touch with Ed at the local Surplus establishment Quonset Hut, with his keen attention to detail and willingness to serve as military consultant on these issues. The day ended with the production van getting stuck in the mud of the recently rained out field at the end the night. While you can likely imagine that it was disheartening, half the crew exhausted as we laid out plywood for the tires to grip as the other half crew heaved off of the van's front grill, I like to think of it as team building exercise.

Day Three of Eight, the ending sequence and outdoor rooftop. This day threw us a few curveballs. We initially planned for an extra to arrive in full suit and tie and serve as a character's henchman. He no-showed. The remainder of the day ran smoothly as we captured an otherwise cut and dry ending sequence. With our lead, Mike, getting into Cyberpunk wardrobe for the first time, we all got a sense of what the film would take on and the contrast to what we'd shot the day prior. I found myself serving in the role of the driver, donning my own gear before my crew and calling direction with a straight face in full cosplay. It wasn't something I could've imagined myself doing before but I'd be lying if I said I didn't think it was pretty awesome. As aforementioned, quite a bit of detail and effort went into wardrobe. I knew there would be some skepticism for the genre and the overarching subject matter, so I figured what the hell, why not lead from the front. With the end of the day coming to close, and most exteriors in the can with exception to the alley, I was ready for my first ounce of sleep in days.

Chapter 4: Week-Two

Day Four came much too soon. After several sleepless nights turning Austin's KLRU PBS Studio 6B into a seedy mercenary warehouse and transforming the 4th floor Texas Student Media broadcasting studio into Cyberpunk Research and Development lab, I was forced to shift gears. We started with the scaffolding sequences, the two lead characters breaching the warehouse in full gear from the alleyway and making their way to the basement. This would serve as the first day with our Mercenary extras, all great guys we managed to pull from craigslist days prior, as they proceeded to take several bumps and falls shooting the shootout sequence from what felt like 50 handheld angles. I'm hesitant to show them that only two shots made the cut.

The following day, mercenaries and talent returned to take up their previously landed and lifeless positions as we proceeded with the fight choreography. This served as a significant morale boost, for me, especially as the two gentlemen, Mike and Edwin, complete with Zach's visual precision as his own camera operator, made for very satisfying dailies. We moved on to shoot out the lab sequences and the intercut dialogue from Davis before calling it a night.

I recall Day Six being most challenging of all. That morning, AD Daniel and I spent hours on the road picking up the only available van from a rental house in San Antonio, only for us to realize the van was a different model from the one we'd previously used on camera. It would still go on to serve as an equipment and camera truck. Following that, my father joined us on set to watch me work for the first time. I found this to be a bit surreal, as I hadn't quite involved them in my creative work previously. My parents, are extremely supportive, but relatively practical. They always liked to see me use that which I'm passionate about as a means to make a living, but because of that, I always found it intimidating and admittedly a bit odd to involve them in

my goofy narratives. Seeing him eager to be on set and quietly observe was a significant eye opener and an experience I'm extremely thankful to have gotten.

Day Seven was our final crew day. We made up for our rained out production day and proceeded to move through the shots like clockwork. By this point, everyone had gotten into a nice rhythm and things were moving at a steady pace. Such is film, this would only mean that it would naturally be the final day before disbanding. We captured the sequences into the wee hours of the morning, called it a martini, and picture wrapped all lead talent with the exception of Timeca. While it was bitter sweet, the crew eager to get some rest but sad to depart such a fun experience, I wasn't afforded the luxury of celebrating just yet.

Day Eight, the final day, would bring out my final sigh of relief. I picked up a van, this time accurate to the original from Day Three, and we captured the ending office sequence in the Lady Bird Conference room on campus. We utilized a bit of movie magic by shooting Timeca and cheating her eye-line with the scene we'd shot with Richard the day prior. We moved to the warehouse, captured the one establishing shot of the van pulling up against the Camaro that I realized we'd forgotten, and picture wrapped alone, on that rooftop, with a few Austin Eastsiders beers. Me, Zach, and Daniel.

It's wrap... for now.

Post-PRODUCTION

Chapter 5: Assembly

As I entered post, I decidedly gave it a deserved, long pause before reconvening. I knew there would be challenges in the road ahead, specifically in sound and the heavily required visual effects, but had faith it would all pull together. I instead spent my time focused on my wedding and securing employment in a post-graduate world.

As the semester pushed on and the winter of 2019 drew to a close, I decided that ultimately, it was time to revisit the edit with fresh eyes. The first process, and my least favorite of the entire phase, was the sound sync. Frame by frame, shot by shot, I would sync each clip and clapper with the corresponding audio take. Days this went on, and while I could have recorded in camera audio and auto-synced it with a plugin, I found this process to be much more beneficial in that I got acclimated with my footage once again. That and I forgot to carefully ensure that a sound mix was being sent to the camera team.

After the initial sync was complete, it took me a few days to dig into the edit. I began to realize that the entirety of this process, filmmaking as a whole, is a series of batons being passed to the next creative endeavor, and with each passing, the dreadful fear of dropping the baton against the strict time constraints. I knew that the clock was ticking and the semester was drawing to a close, but I couldn't seem to muster the courage to begin piecing together that first scene out of fear that it wouldn't be any good. I instead did something that always puts my mind at ease, re-read the script, and began picking out a royalty free score to help me re-envision it while guiding the edit as a foundation. Once picked, it was time to begin.

The edit went smoothly, and surprisingly fast. I found the process to be an obsessive one at best, not wanting to walk away with a scene, or sequence, unfinished. I screened a rough cut for my wife, Naomi, and her emphatic praise put my mind at ease. Yes, it was biased feedback, but I didn't care. She'd tell me if there was something overtly problematic or if the film just flat out stunk.

Immediately, we rushed the cut off to the sound mix as we raced to the finish line. There I met Richard, a mixer and unbeknownst to him, my first audience. He was excited to hear that the film was a genre sci-fi and as we made an initial pass through the cut, I saw his eyes, and more specifically his creativity, spark up. He was excited for the possibilities in sound design, and the effects would incorporate. We spent the following three days, nerding out over our favorite cyberpunk films, and scrubbing the audio piece by piece, until we had a full 5.1 surround sound export.

In the meantime, I was making headway on the visual effects end. The muzzle flares and additive effects brought out the child in me again, syncing each effect with the layered sound mix. I was surprised to see how well some of the stock effects could work, as I played magician creating the illusion of high production value and practical effects.

The reductive effects were another beast entirely. The lab sequences called for a chroma keyed monitors where we would place and pass first-person footage of the character's point of view. The thought was ambitious, but ultimately we found the screens to be poorly lit, and as a result, requiring a digital draw, frame by frame. This is time I didn't have, so instead, I began a final recut, working a bit of editing magic to scale in shots and edit out the screens where I could. There would be two or three shots with them established initially, and the rest would be left for a later date and a professional pass.

And thus, I find myself here, in the aftermath. No, the film has yet to screen anywhere just yet, and I haven't nailed down any specific festival circuits I'd like to target, but I'm certainly excited for the prospect. What I ultimately learned was that I

cannot achieve something as ambitious as this film with a relatively limited budget, but also that I can rely heavily on and delegate to the talents around me, a lesson I much needed to learn. I think the film will do well for its target demographic, and based on my committee's feedback, I should be proud of my work and my tenure in the program. In graduating from the University of Texas at Austin, I've not only grown into a better filmmaker, but the confidence in my abilities to produce and deliver a tangible piece of entertainment that I would consume, has proven to be a valuable gift.

To this I say, thank you.

Appendix A: Proposal

The following document includes the full proposal, as submitted to the graduate committee for financing and initial advancement into pre-production.

DUPLICITY

Project Showcase

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GENERAL INFORMATION

Name: C. Burfict

Email: cburfict@gmail.com

Texas Resident Since: 1996

Gender: Male

Birth Date: 07/29/1986

Ethnicity: African-American, White/Caucasian, Multi-Racial

Street Address: 11901 Hobby Horse Ct #1512

City: Austin

State: TX

Zip: 78757

Country: United States

Mobile Phone: 512.827.9776

Home Phone: 512.827.9776

Co-Director: None

PROJECT INFORMATION

Project Title: Duplicity

Logline: After a temporary discharge from the field, a soldier undergoes testing in an experimental combat simulation in order to be cleared for active duty.

Length: 18 minutes

Project Website: www.vimeo.com/cburfict

Genre / Format: Narrative Short

Production Medium: Video

Stage Applying for: Principal Production

Total Cash Cost Amount: \$9,950

Grant Request Amount: \$7000

Explanation: The majority of the funds will be primarily used for principal production expenses including catering, properties, wardrobe, and set design. The narrative content will require a slightly larger extras casting and creative planning for heightened production value. Location shooting will take place in Austin exclusively, with non-casted pick-ups of the Dallas skyline. There will be light post production visual effects of select sequences involving computer overlays and tactical points of view.

PROJECT SYNOPSIS

The short opens on two men in combat, one man mortally wounded. They navigate the brush to evade pursuing enemy forces before stopping momentarily to reassess the situation. After realizing he will not survive, the dying soldier implores his partner, Taylor, to let him go in peace and make it out alive.

Months later, Taylor has been temporarily discharged from active duty pending a assessment. After showing up for his final evaluation at Spectrum, a contracted military research & development firm, he's introduced to Davis, the organization's Executive Officer. They enter an Analysis room where Taylor quickly realizes the unconventional nature of the day's testing: he'll be undergoing a combat simulation in a virtual environment.

Taylor enters the simulation with Agent Carson, his guide, and Davis communicating remotely. He's been tasked with a hostage scenario in which the two will engage hostiles in a downtown environment and extract the detainee. After his initial amazement with the detail and realism of his surroundings, they breach the building and embark on the mission.

The two encounter several hostiles, tactically maneuvering room to room as Taylor's skepticism with the nature of the environment grows. After successfully clearing a room of armed men, Taylor examines the bodies and realizes this is no simulation: these are actual men.

An argument ensues. Carson and Davis neither confirm nor deny the reality of the world. The conversation is interrupted when two armed men flank from an adjacent room, wounding Carson and forcing him to eject from the simulation. Taylor, now alone, dispatches the two men and loses consciousness before being able to eject himself as well.

Back at Spectrum, Davis does what she can to revive Taylor, who has gone into cardiac arrest due to the severe injuries incurred in the simulation. After several attempts from on-site medics, his heartbeat is temporarily revived, in which Davis implores he eject before losing consciousness again. Taylor attempts before hearing the detainee in the adjacent room.

The detainee is a badly tortured soldier. Taylor again questions the extent of the simulation's reality, forcing a confession from Davis. The world IS real, but not our reality. Taylor, accepting this, decides to see the mission through, and risks what remaining life he has to save the soldier.

After a narrow encounter with a final wave of hostiles, Taylor manages to save the soldier, but not without collapsing from blood loss. The soldier, weak, drags his body to an awaiting van in which they make their escape. Back at Spectrum, Taylor has flatlined, this time unrevivable.

The medics take Taylor's body away. Davis, ridden with guilt, knows he will not get proper funeral or acknowledgement for his actions. Later that night, she stays after hours as Agent Carson locks up and goes home. After receiving a phone call, it is revealed that Davis is actually native to the other reality, as she ejects from our world and wakes up in theirs. She approaches the van, now secure at another location, and reunites with the prisoner, one of her former agents. She notices Taylor's body still lying in the bed of the van, and orders a funeral with full honors.

PROJECT SUMMARY

Ultimately, *Duplicity* is a dramatic thriller with sociocultural relevance aiming to highlight the moral complexities around immersive technologies and violent gaming. I felt compelled to tell this story after finding myself intrigued by the trending requests for tactical military realism juxtaposed against the glorification of combat in modern gaming. While narratives involving the armed forces serve as a common thread for my existing work, I find it imperative to depict the gritty realism and high costs paid by its members.

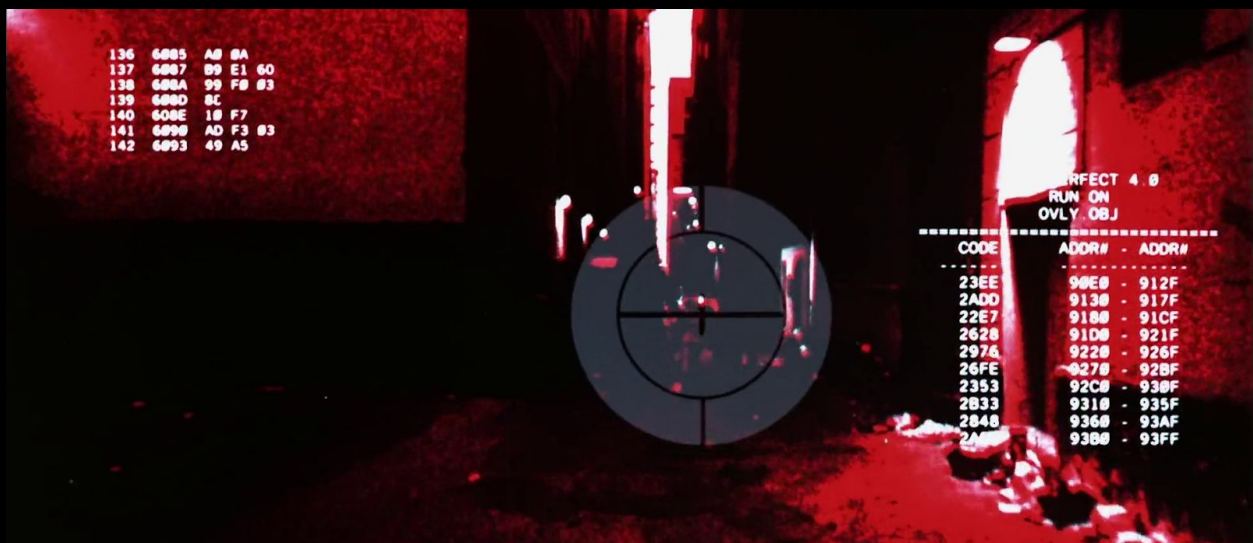
Given its visual aesthetics and contemporary subject matter, I anticipate the film to primarily target young adults, mostly male, under 40. While the film does not forthrightly address the controversies surrounding modern gaming, the subject matter, world, and technological aspects serve as an obvious appeal to trending cultural influences. As developments in AR and VR move their way into the social foreground, we're beginning to see a growth and demand for reality narratives.

STYLE & AESTHETICS

The distinctive differences between the two worlds will be reflected in the color grading. In our reality, the technology is streamlined, minimalist, and sterile. From the offices at Spectrum to the analysis technology, we want this world to feel cold yet familiar with muted blues, blacks, and silvers complemented over drone & tonal scoring:



In the interest of contrast: The visited world will be represented with a contrasting palette of neon blues, reds, and purples to give a bit of timeless futurism. The technology is complex, bulky, and rugged as it's complemented by the synth retrowave scoring:



As for camera, lighting and wardrobe, we want to capitalize on the film's noir-esque dramatic tones with use of high key, low to no fill techniques. High contrast shadows, dynamic angles, and smooth cinematic motion will contribute to the classic look, style and feel the 80s cyberpunk genre films.



PRODUCTION PLAN

As of April 2018, the project has currently completed it's second successful draft. In what began as a concept early in the year, the screenplay was adapted, workshopped, and revised in the following months. While we're still working to tighten the narrative, the core framework has been finalized. All crew positions will be selected locally from the impassioned and willing student participants that have offered their professional services in-kind.

As we enter full steam into pre-production, we plan on using the available summer hours to our fullest advantage. The lack of coursework and lightened employment allow for an unprecedented full-time dedication to the project.

Casting will begin in May 2018, advertized to local talent agencies and independent actors. Casting decisions and rehearsals will take place the following month, in June, as our key production team makes final arrangements for prop selection and set design. These are quite performance intensive roles, so appropriate time will be allotted to properly vetting talent with the necessary emotional range..

Production locations will be strictly limited to Austin, with various downtown locations serving as exteriors. Pickup exterior shots with a B-unit crew may be considered in the Dallas area as well. Interior scenes will be shot at the on campus studios in controlled environments, to make effective use of set design capabilities and proper lighting control. The opening combat sequence will be shot in east Austin, near Cedar Creek.

Post Production will take place in the fall, between August and December. As aforementioned, there will be a light visual effects pass after picture locking in October, and Color Grading/Mixing in November.

Specific festivals are listed in distribution plan.

FUNDING STRATEGY

All principal production will take place between 1-15 August, 2018 in Austin, Texas. The bulk of funding will come from production grants, with the remaining balance subsidized from personal equity. All expenses are reflected in the attached budget details.

DISTRIBUTION

Regarding the marketing of this film, we plan on screening it at select festivals in metropolitan areas with a vested interest these narratives. We will be targeting densely populated market areas such as California, New York, Maryland, Illinois, Massachusetts.

Film festivals with a demand for this type of content have been carefully selected and are listed as follows:

- NYFF (May 19)
- AUSTIN (June)
- SUNDANCE (Aug 8)
- SEATTLE (Oct 7)
- SXSW (Oct)
- TRIBECA (Oct 19)
- FFF (Oct 21)
- LAFF (Oct 28)
- ATL (Nov 18)
- NDNF (Jan)
- MARYLAND (Jan 6)
- S.BARB (Jan 16)

As it stands, we don't anticipate a market release given the length of the film, however this film may be able to secure a limited release on certain science fiction platforms. The film will largely serve as a proof of concept for future work within the established universe.

PROJECT TIMELINE

Apr 2018

- Concept and Pitch Development
- Rough Draft Complete
- Screenplay Fine Draft Completed
- Key Personnel Search
- Budget Preparation
- Funding Preparation

May 2018

- Screenplay Final Draft Completed
- Production Dates Locked
- Distribution Plan Finalized
- Key Crew Locked
- Casting Call Announced
- Storyboard developed
- Funding Continued

June 2018

- Budget finalized
- Funding finalized
- All Crew Finalized
- Locations Finalized
- Casting Finalized
- Shotlist Finalized

July 2018

- Shotlist Scheduled
- Permits Obtained
- Properties Acquired
- Wardrobe Customized
- Art & Set Design Finalized
- Catering & Meals Secured

Aug 2018

- Principal Production

Sep 2018

- Footage Review
- Media Management & Project Assembly
- Rough Cut Complete
- Digital Ads Developed

Oct 2018

- Fine Cut Screened
- Digital Art Developed
- Picture Lock

November 2018

- Sound Mix Completed
- Color Grading Completed
- DCP Developed

December 2018

- Local Screening - UTexas

Jan 2019 - Nov 2019

- Festival Submissions:
 - NDNF (Jan)
 - MARYLAND (Jan 6)
 - S.BARB (Jan 16)
 - SUNDANCE (Aug 8)
 - SEATTLE (Oct 7)
 - SXSW (Oct 1)
 - TRIBECA (Oct 19)
 - FFF (Oct 21)
 - LAFF (Oct 28)
 - ATL (Nov 18)

PROJECT PERSONNEL



Writer/Director

Christoph B Burfict

A writer/director with over 10 years in freelance Film and Television, Burfict received his undergraduate BA in Film Production and a minor in Business Management from the University of North Texas. His work has taken him from coast to coast, producing and directing national branding content for Mitsubishi and Toyota while contracting on projects for ABC, NBC, and MTV. He has since returned to Texas to focus his experience on building and developing an independent production studio in Austin.



Producer

Kelon Moore

Kelon has developed narrative content for a variety of streaming platforms over the past decade. As an independent producer of the Dallas market, Moore is a proud graduate of the University of North Texas with a B.A in Radio, Television & Film Production.



Director of Photography

Zach Morrison

An Austin based filmmaker and native, Zach has worked as a cinematographer and producer on a variety of award-winning short films, commercials, web-series, and independent feature films. His most recent work includes projects shot exclusively in native 3D.

Additional Support

Script & Budget attached.

Appendix B: Screenplay

The following copy is the final shooting script of Duplicity, referenced throughout. Final revision written in May 2019.

Duplicity

By

C. Burfict

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512.827.9776

Distant gunfire... Footsteps... RUNNING... SMASH CUT

1 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Boots crush through the scattered twigs in hastened pace as two figures limp through the brush, one hoisted over the shoulder of the other. Sporadic gunfire trails in the backdrop.

Both men are clearly wounded.

They stop for a minute, hidden in the shadows. Panting heavily, the supporting man lowers his friend to the ground, revealing their matching attire: helmets, vests, black military grade assault gear. He clutches his rifle and mutters into the com in his ear.

TAYLOR

Blackwatch 0-4, do you copy?

Blood curdling, the lying man clutches his badly bleeding chest wound. He spits up words.

JUAREZ

Shit.

Taylor pays him no attention.

JUAREZ

You not gonna outrun 'em like this.

TAYLOR

Shut up.

Gunfire breaks the silence, shifting Taylor's attention in it's direction. Juarez is unfazed. A beat.

JUAREZ

You need to take care of that.

Juarez nods to the gunshot wound on Taylor's hip. Taylor, adrenaline racing, looks down and clutches it as if to notice it for the time.

TAYLOR

Hey. You just keep applying pressure... Don't you worry about me.

Juarez spits up blood.

JUAREZ
I'm dyin' man.

TAYLOR
Do NOT start that sh--

JUAREZ
Let me lay here bro. Leave now and you
actually have a shot. We both know I
won't last.

TAYLOR
If you think I'm gonna l--

JUAREZ
T. Please bro... You can't save my
life... Let me save yours. Go.

Gunshots. Louder, much closer now. Distant shouting now
within earshot. Taylor glares at Juarez in frustration--

2 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Taylor snaps out of his daydream. Seated in the driver seat
of his SUV in pair of freshly pressed dress blues, he
reorients himself.

He checks his watch, fixes his cap in the rear-view mirror,
and exits the vehicle.

3 EXT. MODERN HIGH RISE - DAY

Cars speed past this architectural monstrosity, juxtaposed
against the surrounding structures.

4 INT. LOBBY - DAY

Relaxing contemporary music plays over the PA of an
immaculately sterile lobby. SPECTRUM, plastered in a large
steel logo, towers over the receptionist desk. Taylor, seated
and waiting patiently nervously clutches the cap in his lap.

JACQLYN DAVIS emerges from the back hall in a black pant
suit.

DAVIS
Sgt. Taylor?

Taylor nods and rises hastily from his chair to shake her
hand.

DAVIS
Jacqlyn Davis.

TAYLOR
Pleasure.

DAVIS
Ready for today?

TAYLOR
Ready as it gets.

Davis smirks and motions for him to follow.

5 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

The two enter a large florescent, concrete chamber by keycard entry. The room is adorned with a large monitor and a bank of outlying screens that accommodate a standing console. On the wall, a window overlooks a small labroom with two large black leather exam chairs and cabling snaking down the side.

Two technicians in a lab coats hammer away at the console.

A second, solidly built security officer, CARSON, passes Davis a file as she begins leafing through the pages.

DAVIS
Your labwork came back within range.
Blood pressure a bit high, but
cholesterol and TSH look good, EKGs
normal... Clean bill. Have a seat.

Davis nods to the desk in the center of the room as Taylor sits, surveying the equipment. Davis leans against the desk in front of him.

TAYLOR
That's good to hear. If I may, what's
all this?

DAVIS
Sargeant, I understand you lost a
member of your team before your
discharge.

Taylor shifts in his seat.

DAVIS
I won't pretend to know what that
feels like but I have to ask... Why go

back? Why return to active duty?

Taylor looks up at her, bewildered by the question.

TAYLOR

It's either that or a discharge.

DAVIS

Civilian life... GI Bill... VA loan.
Decorated veteran like yourself would
do okay out there.

TAYLOR

And do what, Private Sector? It's not
the money... This is where I belong.

DAVIS

You married?

Taylor shakes his head, annoyed with the question.

TAYLOR

The unit is my family.

DAVIS

Fair enough. "All this" is the
culmination of a 4.3 billion dollar
project with over 17 years of research
and development. You'll be beta
testing a Dissociative Neurosensory
Combat Simulation in which you'll be
placed into a fully immersive
environment with hostile influences.

TAYLOR

A video game...

DAVIS

Far from it. You'll be pushed to the
full extent of your training as we
monitor your vitals, neural
oscillations, behavior patterns-- Is
something funny?

Taylor smirks.

TAYLOR

I'm sorry, when they said I'd be
stress tested I expected a PT exam or
some sort of obstacle... course. This
is--

DAVIS

VERY REAL. Don't be deceived Sergeant. The simulation is extremely expansive and heavily taxing on your cognitive functions. Injuries incurred in the field could send your body into a state of high stress or even shock. Once complete, we'll forward the results to your superiors, who will make the determination as to whether you're fit to return.

TAYLOR

Alright... sure. Fine. What do we do.

Davis nods to Carson, who opens the door to the lab room. Taylor enters as a lab technician follows suit.

6 INT. LABROOM - DAY

Carson moves to an empty chair and removes a pair of goggles from a stand between to the chairs, securing the goggles to his head. The lab technician begins assisting Taylor in the process.

Davis watches from the window, her voice comes in over the intercom.

DAVIS

You'll be accompanied by Agent Carson, who will act as your guide and point person as you orient yourself. Any questions before we begin?

(lying back, goggles on)

TAYLOR

No...

7 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

Davis moves away from the window, approaching the second lab technician, seated at the console. Her focus is now on the screens.

DAVIS

Send them in.

8 EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEY - NIGHT

A seedy urban sidewalk, blowing newspapers, a man pushing a

shopping cart full of cans. The world is similar but the shops are speckled with neon signage. Tucked away in an alley, a white cargo van sits quietly, hidden from view.

9 INT. VAN - NIGHT

Inside, a carbon copy of Taylor lies on a small gurney in urban tactical gear, eyes smashed shut.

He AWAKENS.

His eyes dart from side to side scanning the surroundings, no control of his neck or motor functions.

TAYLOR
Oh... Whoa... Shhhhhhit.

He wrestles with a few facial expressions for a moment.

TAYLOR
How do I... how do-

His neck and left arm begin to animate in sharp, jerking movements.

TAYLOR
Damn. Okay... Alright.

He sits up slowly, rubbing his temple while surveying the surroundings in awe. He raises his palm to his eyes to examine the realism.

TAYLOR
Good god.

He picks up a weapon rifle mounted on opposite van wall. It's odd, unlike anything he's ever seen. The back door of van BURSTS open, it's Agent Carson in matching gear. He tosses him a jacket, an earpiece, and an odd looking pair of shades.

CARSON
Lets go.

10 EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEY - NIGHT

Taylor eases his way out of the Van, still attempting to gain control his footing. A third man, the DRIVER, greets him and passes the two men a pair of futuristic rifles. Taylor slowly begins to take in the exterior as he equips himself with the new accessories.

CARSON

The dizziness should wear off soon.
How's your balance?

TAYLOR

It's fine, a little motion sickness
but I'll manage. Where are we?

DAVIS (V.O.)

Sgt. Taylor?

Taylor jumps at the sound of god coming from his ear.

11 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

Davis stands over the technician, fixed on the main monitor.
On the screen, a display of Taylor & Carson's POV with
several accompanying readings.

DAVIS

Take a moment to orient yourself.
You're going to need full hand - eye
coordination for this. Inside of this
building are approximately 12-15
hostiles and one hostage. You and
Agent Carson are to make entry,
working your way along the corridor
and into the basement level. Scout the
area, locate the hostage, and extract
him. A driver will be waiting for you
when you return.

12 EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEY - NIGHT

The driver nods to Taylor.

DAVIS (V.O.)

If at any point you're overwhelmed,
the device in your breast pocket will
kill the feed and safely eject you
from the exercise. Understand?

Taylor feels for it and pulls a small black remote with a
solid button.

DAVIS (V.O.)

He's all yours Agent. Off you go.

CARSON

We'll breach at the south east
entrance at the end of the alley. Once

inside, you stay on my 6 and at all times. If things go to shit and you take one, you pull out. Cut and dried.

Taylor attempts to familiarize himself with the odd looking rifle in his hands.

TAYLOR

Hooah...

13 EXT. ALLEY DOORWAY - NIGHT

The two men shuffle down the alley, weapons raised, Taylor following closely in the rear. They stack up along a doorway as Taylor taps Carson's shoulder to signal a "ready" command. Carson pops the door and the two push in, mechanical formation.

14 INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Into the hall. No sound. They follow along the wall, approaching an open door way. Carson enters like clockwork and scans the room, Taylor keeps sights trained on the hall.

CARSON

Clear.

15 INT. OPEN ROOM - NIGHT

The two press on, nearing the end of the hallway and into an open room. It's empty, a wooden chair in the center, smatterings of blood, and a workbench with scattered tools. Carson approaches the chair as Taylor observes the scene in confusion.

Pit, pat, pit, pat...

Taylor turns to find a leather jacketed MERCENARY stopped at the entrance, holding his phone in both hands.

They exchange looks.

The mercenary throws his phone at the men and reaches for his pistol. Taylor fires two silenced shots into his chest. The man gurgles in pain and slumps to the floor.

CARSON

Tango down.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Are you compromised?

CARSON
Don't think so.

Carson kicks the pistol away from the body as Taylor takes in the realism.

TAYLOR
This is all part of it?

CARSON
How's that?

TAYLOR
This little torture chamber? I mean
it's a nice touch. You really thought
of everything.

Carson continues toward a stairwell as Taylor, somewhat disturbed at the body, forces himself to break eye contact.

16 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The two, now at a basement level, approach a large steel door. Laughter emanates through the wall as a television plays on the other side.

Carson raises two fingers in the air and lightly places his hand on the handle. Taylor nods. The fingers drop.

OPEN.

17 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A room full of mercenaries, some scattered around a table. Laptops. Alcohol. A cracked leather couch. Television.

Taylor pushes in, targeting the far corner. A man reaches for his pistol... down. Two steps. An immediate right as he keeps moving along the far wall, Carson right on his heel. A man to the left raises an automatic rifle, Carson fires two shots. The two focus their fire toward the middle of the room as the remaining 4 men leap for cover... too late.

Carson immediately moves over the bodies, checking for life. Taylor kneels to one of them, rolling him over.

He's ALIVE.

The man grabs Taylor's collar, jaw clenched before he breathes his dying breath. He's lifeless, eyes chillingly open.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Report?

Taylor dabs at the blood, examining it. He notices a bulge in the breast pocket and pulls a wallet. Inside, a photo ID and license.

CARSON

Room clear. Count about 6 hostiles. No sign of detainees.

Taylor moves to another body and begins searching it. Another ID.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Keep looking. He's in there, he has to be.

Carson's eye catches Taylor.

CARSON

What are you doing?

TAYLOR

You wanna tell me how this fits into it?

Taylor tosses him the wallet.

TAYLOR

The blood? The movement? Fuckin' ID's? What the hell is this place?

DAVIS (V.O.)

Sgt. Taylor you need to--

CARSON

We don't have time for this.

TAYLOR

Simulation my ASS, this is real isn't it... Is this REAL?

DAVIS (V.O.)

SGT Taylor, I'm going to say this once. Stand d--

TAYLOR

IS THIS... FUCKING-REAL? IT'S A SIMPLE QUESTION! DO YOU HAVE ME IN HERE KILLING PEOPLE?!

(Whispering)

CARSON

Keep your goddamn voice down!

18 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

A reading on the monitor with Taylor's vitals triggers an alarm. The lab technician watches intently.

LAB TECH

His blood pressure's rising. Stage 2 hypertensive.

Davis turns back to the console.

DAVIS

Do you ever want to return to active duty? You better start thinking about your future Sergeant... FAST.

19 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Taylor's anger grows, his breathing heavy as he glares at Carson. Carson's hand slowly moves to the sidearm on his hip. Taylor's eyes follow.

Suddenly the back door flies open. Two more men emerge, MERCENARY2 spraying the room with bullets. Carson is struck instantly as Taylor dives behind the couch. His rifle is out of reach.

CARSON

I'm hit! Son of a--! I'm hit. I'm pulling out.

Carson pulls his smartphone and taps the device. His body goes limp, eyes glossed over. The mercenaries fire into Carson's vacant body. Taylor watches in confusion.

20 INT. LABROOM - DAY

Carson removes his goggles and shoves them onto the end table in frustration. He looks over at Taylor's body, still lying motionless.

21 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Taylor pulls his sidearm as MERCENARY2 lays down suppressing fire into the cushions, emptying his clip.

Taylor makes his move.

He pops up, firing into MERCENARY2. MERCENARY1 takes cover as MERCENARY2 stumbles to the floor, clutching his neck. Taylor vaults over the couch and tackles MERCENARY1 as the two begin to struggle.

22 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

Carson joins Davis at the terminal as the two observe intently.

23 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The two wrestle for control of a pistol. Taylor elbows him in the jaw and rolls him onto his back, gripping the mercenary's hand clutching the pistol. The mercenary begins biting into Taylor's arm as Taylor slams the mercenary's hand into the ground, eventually knocking the pistol away. He redirects his focus on the mercenary's throat. The mercenary, in last ditch effort, pulls a switchblade from his coat, pops it... and sinks it into Taylor's side.

24 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

The two wince in agony as Taylor howls in pain through the monitor.

LAB TECH

He's going into cardiac arrest!

DAVIS

Get in there!

25 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Taylor continues screaming through the pain, his hands on the mercenary's throat.

DAVIS

TAYLOR, YOU NEED TO EJECT, NOW! THE
DEVICE IN YOUR POCKET WILL SAFELY
REMOVE YOU FROM THE SYSTEM! WE CANNOT
PULL YOU OUT UNTIL--

Taylor's losing strength as the mercenary's eyes roll back... he finally stops struggling.

26 INT. LABROOM - DAY

Taylor flatlines. Davis and Carson turn from the console in

shock, watching from the glass

27 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Taylor's body arcs forward. Slumped. Lifeless. It crumbles to the ground.

28 INT. LABROOM - DAY

The lab technicians hit Taylor's chest with AED charges. No response. Davis turns her attention to the monitor... no signal feed. A technician attempts CPR and as the other preps and hits him again with a charge. Nothing. Carson runs his fingers through his hair, turning away from the scene. A third charge... no heartbeat.

DAVIS
Epinephrine!

A technician scrambles to pull a small vial and syringe from her case. She eyeballs the appropriate amount and begins an injection into the right of his thigh, through the pants. The second tech prepares the final AED.

Hit...

29 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Taylor's eyes burst open as he rolls onto his back, clutching the wound on his side, ears ringing.

30 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

Taylor's POV feed blips onto the monitor. We're back online. The tension in the room deflates. Davis takes command of the console.

DAVIS
Sgt. Taylor, listen to me very carefully. Your vitals are fading quickly. You have a severe liver wound and you may lose consciousness at any moment.

31 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Taylor rests his head to the floor.

DAVIS (V.O.)
You need to access the device in your pocket and eject from the system

immediately. We will NOT be able to resuscitate you again.

Taylor sighs in exasperation and fumbles for the smartphone in his pocket.

TAYLOR

You and I have a lot to talk about...

Suddenly muffled noises echo from the adjacent room. Taylor redirects his attention, listening closely. The noises continue. Muffled... shouting... a person.

Taylor pulls himself to his feet.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Sergeant. Time is a factor here, we cannot pull you out until you--

TAYLOR

Hang on.

Taylor picks the sidearm off of Carson's vacated body and staggers to the doorway, weapon raised, one hand on his wound.

32 INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Inside, a female prisoner lies on her side, feet and hands bound, bag over the head. The shouting is muffled.

Taylor walks over and pulls the bag away revealing STOKES, a captive soldier wearing a gag and dog tags. She averts her eyes away from the light in the doorway, revealing a bruise on her left eye.

33 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

Davis and Carson observe the prisoner from the console. They're in shock at her state. Carson turns away from the screen.

CARSON

Jesus...

DAVIS

He found her.

34 INT. BASEMENT ROOM - DAY

Taylor motions a finger over his lips signaling Stokes to

stay quiet as he begins untying her feet.

TAYLOR
Who is this...

35 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

Davis struggles for a response.

TAYLOR(V.O.)
Was she in the service?

Davis takes a deep breath.

DAVIS
The woman you see is a soldier... yes.
But not the kind you're familiar
with...

36 INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Taylor moves to his hands, laboring over the knot.

DAVIS
This woman... this WORLD... is
different from the one you know.

Taylor pauses to take it in.

TAYLOR
Like an alternate... reality.

DAVIS
Something like that, yes.

TAYLOR
Fuckin' hell...

DAVIS
Look Taylor, we don't have much time.
If you lose consciousness again, you
risk not returning at all. That's no
funerals, no honors... Washington
isn't exactly eager for a press
release. We need to pull you out. NOW.

Taylor finishes untying the hands.

TAYLOR
Just tell me this, all of this, is it
real?

37 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

Davis winces at the question.

DAVIS
Real for them. Yes.

38 INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

TAYLOR
Fair enough.

Taylor slowly rises to his feet, still mindful of his wound. He removes the gag from Stokes' mouth.

TAYLOR
Can you walk?

STOKES
I'll make it. Gimme a weapon.

Taylor hands her his sidearm as she musters the strength to stand. Taylor helps her as the two limp to the door.

39 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

Davis crosses her arms, watching the monitor. She glances through the window, one technician beside Taylor, then to the monitor with his vitals, the second technician studying it intently.

LAB TECH
STAGE 1. Rapid blood loss.

40 EXT. ALLEY DOORWAY - NIGHT

The driver peers around the corner to the south entrance of the building. He watches as three men exit a vehicle and rush into the building.

41 INT. OPEN ROOM - NIGHT

The two stagger from the stairwell and back through the torture room.

DAVIS
Be advised Sgt., you have 3 hostiles
entering the south entrance.

Taylor lets out a sigh as he stops dead in his tracks. Stokes cocks her weapon.

STOKES
Almost there.

42 INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The men shuffle down the hall with pistols raised and...

43 INT. OPEN ROOM - NIGHT

...flood out into the open room. No one, they search and begin making their way down stairs as one man notices a something in the shadows.

POP-POP. POP-POP.

Taylor emerges from the shadows. Two men fall as the third man returns fire. It hits Taylor in the shoulder. He falls to his knees as STOKES returns fire.

TAYLOR
GO!

44 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

The feed goes black. No signal.

DAVIS
Shit!

LAB TECH
He's going into shock!

45 INT. LABROOM - DAY

Taylor's body begins to seize in the chair. The technician in the room rushes to his aid.

46 EXT. ALLEY DOORWAY - NIGHT

Gunshots ring out from inside. The driver listens closely for a moment as he continues watching the entrance.

DAVIS (V.O.)
Sitrep! Any activity?!

DRIVER
I just heard gunfire before but no--

Suddenly the door swings open. Stokes, barely able to stand, drags Taylor's body by the collar. She collapses to the floor.

DRIVER

I got 'em!

The driver rushes over and helps Stokes to her feet. He thrusts Taylor's body over his shoulder as they make their way to the van.

DRIVER

This way!

47 INT. ANALYSIS ROOM - DAY

The drone of a flatline rings through the room as Davis drops her head at the console in disappointment. Carson places his hand on her shoulder.

48 INT. LABROOM - DAY

The two look on from the window as Taylor's body lies motionless in the chair...

The technician checks for a pulse. Nothing.

49 EXT. ALLEY DOORWAY - NIGHT

The driver shuffles over to the open van doors and carefully lies TAYLOR's body in the back of the van. He helps Stokes board and quickly shuts the door.

The van speeds away into the night.

50 INT. LABROOM - DAY

Davis walks over and carefully removes the goggles from Taylor's face. He's gone.

She pushes his eyes closed.

51 INT. VAN - NIGHT

The van rumbles down the road as Stokes stares at the Taylor's body. She checks his pulse, nothing. She sits back, grabbing Taylor's hand.

STOKES

Thank you.

Taylor's rests on his back. He is at peace.

52 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT

Davis sits behind her desk, somberly staring into the monitor as we move behind the desk to reveal the screen: It's Taylor's file.

A knock at the door as Carson enters shortly after.

CARSON

Locking up... you sticking around..

DAVIS

Yea.

Carson searches for something to say.

CARSON

You okay...

DAVIS

Thank you for today Carson.

Carson nods, hangs his head, and leaves.

53 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The van pulls in and parks on a vacant roof level. Across the lot, a white sedan with two passengers. The SEDAN DRIVER, trench coat and tie, watches as the van driver shuffles around to the back and opens the door for Stokes. He picks up his phone and makes a call.

54 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT

Davis' cellphone vibrates on the desk next to her. She answers.

SEDAN DRIVER

They're here.

She hangs up the phone, gets up, and draws the blinds on her office door. She returns to the desk, removes a small black device, and taps the button.

Her body goes limp, eyes glossed over.

55 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The driver exits the vehicle to reveal:

Davis, in the passenger seat, lying still with goggles on.

Her body reanimates as she removes them from her head. She exits the vehicle.

The two approach the van as the Van Driver covers the Prisoner in a blanket. Davis approaches the prisoner.

DAVIS

Agent Stokes... You've seen better days...

Stokes notices her and immediately rushes to her to give a hug.

STOKES

You never cease to amaze me.

Davis looks over at Taylor's body in the van.

STOKES

Was he one of ours?

She shakes her head and turns to the Sedan Driver.

DAVIS

See to it we give him a proper send off. Full honors.

SEDAN DRIVER

Copy that.

Appendix C: Budget

The following budget is the preproduction financial allotment for Duplicity, referenced throughout. Final revision written in May 2019.

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